

Garnie is on the sea.

Ever the twilight ball was plucking  
In the sunset at her knitting  
Tang a lovely maiden sitting,  
Master, with the threshold tree  
And ere daylight fades before us  
And the vesper stars shone over us  
Garden rose the faithful chorus  
Garnie's on the stormy sea.

Warmly shone the sunset glowing  
Sweetly breathed the yarrow flowers blowing  
Earth with beauty over-flowing.  
Seemed the home of love to be.  
As those angel tones ascending  
With the scene and seasons blending  
Ever had the same low ending  
Garnie's on the stormy sea.

Curfew bells, remotely ringing  
mingling with that low voice singing  
And the last red ray seemed clinging  
Singerly to tower and tree  
Clearer as I came and nearer  
Finer rose the notes and clearer  
Oh 'twas heaven itself to hear her  
Fannie on the stormy sea.

How could I but list but linger  
To the song and near the singer  
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her  
Fannie from the stormy sea  
And while yet her lips sung  
Forth I spray my heart's desire  
Gave no more sweet I as yet  
Were returned to see and there.